

gradual integration, had the cooler head,
prevailed. Above the roar of barks and
snorts his voice rose up: "Let these weenies
eat each other!" and stood back. Soon,
a camera crew from MGM was on the scene,
grinding out the background shots for a
new and super epic (which they called
"The Brown-Green Smog from West L.A."),
so by this time the menaces had pretty
well disposed of one another, so Tumac
took out his buggy whip and beat the rest
off to the hills, where they established
a new religious sect. Things began to
quiet down, and he spent the last 8 minutes
of the movie making big-eyes at Luana,
who just happened to be there. These movies
never disappoint me. The earthlings always
win, and justice (creeping in on wee cat
feet) triumphs. Except of course they're
all the same. (Only the monsters have been
changed, to protect the writers.) It's a
shame they don't give out Academy Awards
for gall.

-- Carl Larsen

Side Show

believed barker
adults only tent
went
saw
among the stillborn
fetuses
Socrates
bleached and creased
in an
antique jar

-- Duane Locke

Tampa, Florida